

Title: Yew War - 2nd Battle

Author: by Grishnak

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(We Fought for  
Sheep)

The drums beat in the cool night air, while the watchfires burned along the palisades. Inside the Orc Fort, the Nobs gathered around the sheepskin map of Yew. With charcoal in hand, they made various markings on the map, indicating the different possible directions of attack. After much arguing and bashing about, all the Nobs agreed that they had the perfect plan for taking of Yew. Picking up the sheepskin, they carried it over to the Chief's tower to present to the Chief.

Inside the tower, Grishnak was drunk. Celebrating the victory over the Yewbies had lasted for days, each day getting more and more fuzzy from the accumulated effects of stale ale and lack of sleep. Retelling the story of how he slew a hundred armed men with just an axe (he was, after all, trying to impress a fem), he jumped atop the table and swung his axe in a mighty circle. The circle ended in with the axe imbedded in

the wall. Sumbling, Grishnak fell from the table, kicking over the brazier burning in the corner and setting fire to the fur lining the floor.

Qog, Og'din and Fugluk burst through the door and thrust the plan to Grishnak. With his helm covering most of his eyes, Grishnak took the sheepskin and began to beat the fires with it. Howling with singed knuckles, and to the horror of the Nobs, Grishnak tossed the sheepskin map atop the blaze.

Thinking quickly, Zhan'ee jumped up and stomped out the flames with her boots, then smacked Grishnak's helm clear around on his head.

'Tupid pug! Ju ruined da plan!"

Grumbling, Grishnak grabbed hold of the horns of his helmet and tried to pull it off, smashing his nose in the process.

'Bah! Nub need plan. Meh knu wut tu du. Meh just gwu nort!"

Looking among themselves, the Nobs just shrugged and agreed it was a good plan.

Dawn found the Orcs staggering out for battle. With them rode the dark knights of the Shadow Counsel and the Holy Disciples

of Darkness. Their objective, seize control of the farming communities of Yew. Key to control over the farmlands was the sheep farm south of the Town Square. From there, the Orcs could both control the farms and prepare to launch their offensive deeper into Yew territories.

Vargen, Captain of the Yew Militia, surveyed his defenders. The losses suffered in the last battle had been replaced, and reinforcements had arrived from the Lost Order of Akalabeth and Clan Moor. Mighty knights, resplendent in arms and armor, and stout yeomen bearing the arms of freemen, all pledged with one task: defend their homes.

Realizing that they still were outnumbered by the Orcish hordes, they hoped to reinforce the structures of the farms and fight a defensive battle. Assembling all their forces inside the walls of the sheep pen, they stood fast, the sounds of marching feet approaching from the south.

From the south and the west, in two great waves, the Orc hordes descended upon the defenders. Spying the foe holed up inside the sheep pen, Grishnak

let loose a mighty yell  
and hurled a smoking  
purple flask into the  
mass of human and  
horse flesh blocking  
the gate. The resultant  
explosion knocked  
Grishnak off his feet  
and into the darkness  
of unconsciousness.

The waves of Orcs  
assaulting the gates  
began to pile up bodies  
all along the walls.  
The Yew plan was  
working! Orcs could  
not breach the gate and  
the few knights who  
fell were quickly  
replaced. Even the  
guards of the absent  
king lent their aid,  
slaying the Orcs who  
sought to pull the  
riderless horses to the  
ground and roast  
them.

Thinking quickly,  
Gogmagog and Shagrat,  
Orcish Shamans both,  
hurled their combined  
magic at the forces in  
the gate, opening up  
the ranks of the  
humans long enough  
for Durgoth, Grekunk  
Tribe Captian, to lead a  
charge.

Into the breach came  
the remaining Orcs,  
spilling into the now  
open ground of the  
sheep farm. Now that  
their numbers could  
be brought to bear, the  
human lines fell back.  
Isolated knights were  
pulled from their  
horses and pummeled.  
In the end, all that  
remained were the  
Orcs and the sheep,  
and the sheep were  
scared.